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SIXPENCE.

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A SYMBOL WHICH PASSES FROM BATTALION TO BATTALION AND HOSPITAL TO HOSPITAL: THE FLAG OF THE CHASSEURS-À-PIED KISSED BY THE WOUNDED.

The flag of the French Chasseurs-à-Pied passes periodically from one battalion to another, that all may have opportunity to see it. Further, at the suggestion of General de Pouydraguin, it has been borne from hospital to hospital during the war, that the wounded may gaze upon it and kiss its silken folds. At the moment illustrated it was

in charge of the 11th Battalion of the Chasseurs Alpins, having been handed to them by the 10th Battalion. It has won every possible reward for valour. Already it has been from one extreme of the French lines to the other. General Joffre honoured it not long ago by means of a special ceremony at Headquarters.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY DUFOUR.

LITERATURE.

The German African Empire. On taking up Mr. Albert F. Calvert's "German African Empire" (T. Werner Laurie), the reader naturally turns to the section on East Africa, where alone the German has any overseas empire left. The desire to learn about the scene of General Smuts's operations is strong; but precise, or even more or less broad, details to satisfy it seem somewhat difficult to come by. On the subject of the climate, for example, and how far it imposes on our troops the necessity of an immediate rapid advance, the layman has recently found himself between two contrary expert opinions. Mr. Calvert's pages themselves are a little behindhand as a guide to the East African campaign. They do not appear—there is, unfortunately, no index—to mention that the branch line from Voi is completed to near the frontier, though on the military map accompanying them it is indicated as projected. But for this railway General Smuts's success round Kilimanjaro must have been postponed. Then, again, the Usambara line is in map and text assumed to end still at Moschi, though under construction to Aruscha; but from the official despatches we gather that Aruscha is now the railroad. These things are inevitable. No publisher's press can keep up with the present march of events; and having warned the reader eagerly following developments in East Africa that he must supplement Mr. Calvert's information by the cabled news, we commend this volume to him as a useful and comprehensive survey of conditions in this German colony in particular, and in the lost German African Empire in general. The Usambara is the chief of the three great plantation regions in German East Africa, as it was the earliest, and its economic prosperity, due to its woodlands and cultures—first of these sisal hemp, but also rubber, coker-nuts, coffee, acacia, and other crops—is here displayed with much detail, and with justice done to the patience and scientific equipment of the German pioneer planters. German East Africa, as ultimately defined, has an area of over 384,000 square miles. At the outbreak of war Germany controlled over a million square miles in Africa, and another half-million miles was comprised in her Colonial Empire. Thus regions together about fourteen times the extent of the United Kingdom will have been lost to her through this war, and the sovereignty in Africa alone of nearly fourteen millions of natives. We repeat our regret at the lack of an index to this volume, but gladly acknowledge the excellence of the illustrations.

Submarines. Nothing attracts the attention of the average newspaper-reader more than the scraps of information imparted from time to time by the Admiralty; and no aspect of sea-power evokes quite so much interest as submarine menace and development. Under-water craft have been explained and illustrated comprehensively in the pages of this paper; but for a close, consecutive statement setting out the brief history of submarine and submersible boats the general reader may be referred with confidence to Mr. Frederick A. Talbot's "Submarines: Their Mechanism and Operation" (Heinemann). The author is well known as an authority on aeroplanes, dirigibles, railways, lighthouses, and moving pictures. There are several indications that this is the English edition of an American work. The equivalent in dollars is given to every quotation of pounds sterling, and though the author calls Japan "our Eastern Ally" (p. 244), he states that much of his information derives from the Electric Boat Company of New York, the Lake Torpedo Company of Bridgeport, Conn., the *Scientific American*, and the firm of Krupp. The story of pioneer work by Frenchmen and Americans is full of interest: the author claims, and seems to make the claim good, that the modern developments of the submarine belong to America. If the latest gossip about German super-craft be reliable, Mr. Talbot is behind the times in suggesting (p. 58) that as many as forty men are required to navigate a submarine; but he is careful to point out later in the book that popular credulity and rumour are not substantially supported by facts. The dreaded destructive force that works invisible is still in its infancy, and the problem of combining space with speed is one that has not yet been satisfactorily solved. At present the submarine cannot keep pace with the main battle fleet upon which it must attend, and the time required to submerge places it at the mercy of the fast-flying destroyer. These hard facts help both to limit the rôle it can fulfil and to make it the assassin of the sea. It is fortunate from our view-point that the submarine, even when lying on the bed of a river or cruising at a considerable depth under the water, is visible to the aeroplane. If the aeroplane be high enough, it can see the whole of the submarine—the precise relationship of the one to the other is illustrated by a diagram (p. 233). As the Germans have ample occasion to know, a submarine "spotted" is a submarine lost. Mr. Talbot is to be congratulated upon the success with which he has dealt in simple terms with a very complex question. He has probably said as much as may be said, and has helped to brush aside many of the ill-considered fears and theories of the amateur.

Queen Victoria's Widowhood. Mrs. Clare Jerrold's "Widowhood of Queen Victoria" (Eveleigh Nash) follows in natural sequence her "Early Court" and "Married Life," and completes an unconventional biography of the august lady who ruled this realm for over sixty years. This last volume is certainly most readable, but sometimes is so at the expense of the dignity of its subject. It is not the book's frankness on these occasions that has to be complained of, but rather its manner of being frank. The author's downrightness is of itself all to the good, and much to be commended in view of obsequious essays in the same field; but we could wish that there was not so implicit in it the complacency of one thanking God that he is not like some courtiers among the other scribes. The attitude Mrs. Jerrold has praiseworthy adopted is admittedly one difficult to maintain, and in this criticism we are merely recording our regret that in places where the equipoise has been lost she leans away from amiability, which, in the circumstances, is apt

to seem towards churlishness. Perhaps the chief impression received in reading these pages is that the events they record happened very long ago. Already the War has fixed a great gulf between ourselves and the Victorian era; and on that account it is the more desirable that its chief figure should be presented naturally, and not entirely veiled by the glamour of her latest years. And in the main, in Mrs. Jerrold's pages, it is as a perfectly understandable human being that the great Queen appears. Her greatest moment was the Diamond Jubilee, when, with the personal enthusiasm of the crowds—which evoked her blinding tears and the remark, "How kind they are to me!" as she re-entered the Palace gates—there was blent the awakened self-consciousness of the nation for which she stood the symbol. There is good history and good psychology in Mrs. Jerrold's account of the stages leading to that apotheosis of the Queen from the December day, thirty-six years earlier, when the Prince Consort's death left her alone. In entitling the first section of the book, "The Great Mistake," the author indicates its chief argument, that the Queen's decision, following immediately upon that loss, to make Prince Albert's wishes an irrevocable law for her future, was the source of her greatest mistakes. The thesis is that the Teutonic conception of Royalty confirming a natural rigidity of will established in her a faith in the Divine Right of Kings, and this is illustrated in the book in her relations especially with her eldest son, her Ministers, the Irish section of her people, the Germans among neighbouring States, and it may be added, in view of the chapter, "She Ought to be Whipped," the intellectual ladies among her countrywomen. There is a good deal of gossip in the book—and of John Brown too much; and there are many good stories. One, characteristic of the Queen, relates to a visit to Netley when she remarked to the authority near her on the few arm-chairs in the wards, and was answered that one to each ward was the regulation. "I am not speaking of regulations, but of arm-chairs," was her quick retort.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"A KISS FOR CINDERELLA" AT WYNDHAM'S.

THE wise playgoer, when he gets a new Barrie play, does not examine it critically and compare it with others from the same hand, wondering whether it does not lack this or that feature supplied before. It is enough for him that this magician has dipped into his lucky-bag again, which is as much as to say that he has given us his own inimitable mixture of sentiment and whimsy, of thoughtfulness and fun, of what is touching and natural, and what is Puck-like and weird. That is the spirit in which you should accept "A Kiss for Cinderella." No one else but its author would have written, no one else would have succeeded with such a *mélange*. He might have done it a little better—made that third act something less like an after-thought and an excrescence. But none the less it is pure Barrie, and much of it the best Barrie. Comparisons have been drawn between this work and "Hannele," and the two have this much in common—that both are dream-plays, both picture in their dream section a poor girl-child's notions of happiness. Only, whereas Hannele's visions were religious, Sir James Barrie's little Cockney drudge is obsessed with the story of Cinderella. Hence her heaven is a ball-room, where she finds realised all the items of her cheap-nolette and poster reading—beauties out of fashion-plates, a Lord Mayor and a Lord Times, a King and Queen from a pack of cards, and a strap-hanging Prince. But it is not all dream we get, for this Barrie play is by way of being a war-play; and so not only does this little studio slave "do her bit" and rouse a policeman's suspicions by running a little crèche of her own, she achieves one of her great wishes, which is to nurse the wounded, whereby we make the acquaintance of delightful Private Danny. The charm of the piece is that it shows us life as it is seen through the eyes of a sweet, unsophisticated child-woman; and fortunately for the playwright, he has in Miss Hilda Trevelyan an actress who is as great a lover of the childlike as himself, and can respond to his every mood and fancy. Nor is he less helped by Mr. Gerald du Maurier, whose policeman and Prince are as different as chalk and cheese, as facts and fairy-tales.

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The fact that the Government has restricted the importation of paper makes it necessary that newspapers should take great care to avoid waste. Purchasers of *The Illustrated London News* (other than those who are already subscribers) will assist very much by placing with their newsagents an order for the regular delivery of the Paper. By doing this, they will ensure obtaining a copy.

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NEW NOVELS.

"Faith Tresilion." Mr. L. on Phillpotts has drawn on material too long neglected in "Faith Tresilion" (Ward, Lock). It was time that a popular author returned to the smugglers and the press-gang, the Cornish wreckers and gallant Bonapartists of a hundred years ago. The boys' books should not be allowed to have it all their own way with this hearty, jolly stuff. Not that Mr. Phillpotts deals only with the trouser-hitching, rollicking side of coastwise adventure. His Cornish folk expound the Phillpottian philosophy, and his kegs and bales of contraband are sober commercial goods. Yet it is a lively pleasure to meet the friends of our childhood again—the fight between the smuggler and the excise-man, the false beacon on the cliff, the mysterious lugger, and the fine fighting fever of youth. Maidens were lovely, and a Cornish background set off their rustic beauty to perfection. The world went very well then, from the present-day novelist's point of view. We have to thank Mrs. Tresilion (or the author) for "Grafies and green ginger!" If Mr. Phillpotts invented that, great are his powers of creation; and if he really discovered it alive in Cornwall, he was a lucky man. We are very glad he has presented it to the circle of his readers.

"The Right to Love."

rather intense—intense with a femininity that sharpens the edge of the painful situations, and seems to revel in dark shadows of conflict and mystery. The characters are interesting; but they have a way of diving into their mysterious corners in order that the author may extract a sigh from his audience. There is symbolism in bottled beer, in an Advent hymn tune arbitrarily dragged in at intervals, in the kitchen fireplace of Norah's luckless home. This is reasonable, perhaps; but when the Camden Town doctor is revealed saying darkly, as he picks up his bag, "Poor people's children don't live," we feel that Mr. Robert Halifax, the author, has let his sentimental desire for a thrill run away with him. The fact most likely to impress itself upon a doctor to the working classes is that poor people's children do live. The good in "The Right to Love" are very good, and the erring husband is an example of all that working husbands should not be. There is not enough contradictory human nature in these people, the fluctuating mixture of good and bad, the varying moods, high resolutions, and weak impulses that go to make up humanity. The material wants more skilful blending. Yet, when all is said and done, "The Right to Love" remains a sincere book, not conspicuous by its insight, but conscientiously intent on making its point, and reproducing the picture in the author's mind for the observation of his readers.

"The House of War."

There is a lucidity in Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall's style and vision, very pleasing and restful. His air of amused detachment does not entirely disguise a bias in favour of the Syrian Muslim as compared with his Christian neighbour, and, so far as this predilection goes, "The House of War" (Eveleigh Nash) may be looked upon as a novel with a purpose. Its ethical effect is to produce, in the arm-chair "Brutestant" at home, a sense of humility. The courtesy of the Turkish Governor and of the young Muslim aristocrat is allowed to present itself in rather violent contrast to the vulgarity of the missionaries and the extreme pigheadedness of Elsie, the evangelical young lady from Tunbridge Wells. Elsie's aunts, the Misses Berenger, on the other hand, are quite as gentle-mannered and tactful as his Excellency and the Mudir, showing that Mr. Pickthall means to hold the balance fairly, and is ready to admit that good breeding can be found as well in one race and religion as in another. His story is full of a delightful dry humour, and a most vivid presentation of the minds and motives of the people, Eastern and Western, whose points of contact accentuate their differences. Elsie, with the raw enthusiasm of eighteen, tries to save souls; but only succeeds in committing an extraordinary succession of blunders. Outside the wall of her invincible ignorance an army of hangers-on, the family of her native Christian maid, Jemileh, live in a whirl of excitement caused by visions of permanent advantage from her favour. The hand of the author of "Said the Fisherman" has not lost its cunning.

"When a Man Marries."

There is no touch of reality in "When a Man Marries" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Mrs. Mary E. Mann. It is a story—just a story—"made up," as the children say, and we suspect made up as the author went along. The young woman who loves the luckless Otto (luckless in spite of his Juju charm) does not succeed in touching either our hearts or our imaginations. Mrs. Otto is better, but is not worked out with sufficient vigour. Mrs. Mann herself, we think, has not lived in the circle of these characters. They existed only in her working hours, and probably when she rose from her desk she thankfully dismissed them. Some day, no doubt, the live truth will return to her. In the meantime, "When a Man Marries" serves, but barely, to remind us that once upon a time there was a lady who wrote "The Patten Experiment."

More and more men are needed to ensure victory both complete and speedy, and, next to the putting of fresh troops into the field, perhaps the greatest service that can be rendered to the Allied cause is that of restoring the sick and wounded to their places in the firing line. Such operations as Verdun impose a heavy strain upon the many hospitals maintained in the war zone by the Croix Rouge Française. The French naturally look to us for help, and the London Committee of the Croix Rouge Française, of which his Excellency the French Ambassador is President, will gratefully welcome gifts of clothing, food, comforts, drugs, surgical stores, and, above all, money to buy these and similar articles. All gifts should be sent to the Hon. Secretary at the headquarters of the London Committee, 9, Knightsbridge, London, S.W.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THIS war has forced many groups into attitudes unnatural and by no means specially symbolic—the Belgians to be belligerent, the Germans to be seafaring (within limits), the British to be approximately conscriptionist, and so on. But, when all allowance is made for the materialism of military necessity, there remains something fundamentally national and characteristic which can be seen clearly in the long crisis on the Meuse—the difference between French and German fighting.

I believe there is a very real weakness in what Prussians and pro-Prussians, and many people besides, are always praising as organisation. The first weakness is that they generally leave out of organisation all that is organic. When they should be speaking of an organ they are speaking of a machine. But this is a mistake in almost all of the many meanings in which the word is used. An organ is not at its best when it is a barrel-organ. Precisely what makes the difference between the mechanical and the organic is the presence throughout the system of that invisible vital principle which we call in the lower organisms life, and in the highest organisms soul. Now, the intellectual pretensions of the Prussian type of organisation are very largely a fraud. With all their pretence of thinking things out thoroughly, they are really trying rather to shirk thought than to stick to it. They are monomaniacs haunted with the old and hopeless puzzle of perpetual motion. They want to make a machine that will run for ever by itself. The machinery of which they boast is not only meant as labour-saving machinery; it is meant as thought-saving machinery. At the best, they try to get all their thinking done at the beginning. They use all their brains in building up a combination of circumstances that can be trusted afterwards to go of itself. It is this that is truly typified in the German (as opposed to the French) theory of military success. All their ingenuity, industry, and order are much more concerned with the preparation of a fight than with the conduct of it. We see this vividly in the long assault upon Verdun; but it is almost equally present in all the Prussian plans in this war. All the living wits of men are only used by the Prussians to manufacture a force that may not only be deadly, but shall itself be dead. In this quite impartial sense, we may say that they cease to think when they begin to fight. To say so is not to sneer at their thinking, but rather to repeat their theory, which is the result of it. When they are ready they will, in a literal sense of a loose expression, fall upon the enemy. They will fall on him rather than charge at him. That is to say, they will regard themselves as possessing a causal control by which they are a law of nature, like the law of gravity. Everybody knows that their whole literature and philosophy is so written as to reinforce this conception; written so that the German fighter may safely feel himself not merely a fatalist but a fate.

Now, at the French front by Verdun a fate is fighting with a god. The French believe with an immortal intensity in mind—that is, in consciousness. They will not allow it to slip for an instant into unconsciousness, even in order to be as unconscious as a law of nature. They will not let anything slide, even in order to be a landslide overwhelming their enemies. It might be said that the German fights with a battle-axe, which is lifted with the owner's purpose, but which falls with its own weight; while the Frenchman fights with a rapier, which must still be held lightly, even in the lunge that kills. But this more hackneyed metaphor would be misleading; it would mix the matter up with mere questions of quickness and vivacity, which belonged to the stage Frenchman, and have very much falsified the real Frenchman. Most of the realities of his wisdom have been masked by his reputation for wit. The best possible corrective to such errors can be found by

the fight develops. So far from being quick in the sense of being precipitate, they found everything on the fact that second thoughts are best. Edgar Allan Poe had in many ways a very French mind, and, in the amateur detective Dupin, he has created, what is very rare in English and American fiction, something like a French character. And it will be remembered that one of Dupin's most individual ideas was what he called "calculating on the unforeseen," or what may be more roughly expressed as expecting the unexpected. The French commanders always expect the unexpected. They do not merely accumulate plans, as the Germans do: they also accumulate remedies. All this is evident enough from the daily developments of the campaign; but its most interesting moral element is the light it throws on the great fixed faith of France in the human intellect as the only lawful master in earthly things. For the French always believe in reason, and never more than when they also believe in religion.



THE ROYAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY COMPLIMENT TO THE IRISH GUARDS: THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE SHAMROCK DISTRIBUTION AT WARLEY BARRACKS.

The King and Queen, with Princess Mary, paid a special visit to Warley Barracks, Essex, on St. Patrick's Day, in order to attend the ceremony of presenting shamrock to the 3rd Reserve Battalion of the Irish Guards. The Queen personally handed the shamrock to each officer and man of the battalion, and after that the King addressed the parade. "I have come," said the King, in the course of his address, "to testify my appreciation of the services rendered by the regiment in this war. . . . The shamrock, which it has been a special pleasure to the Queen to hand to you, is the badge which unites all Irishmen, and you have shown that it stands for loyalty, courage, and endurance." Lord Kitchener, as Colonel of the Irish Guards, was at the ceremony, as were also Mr. John Redmond, Lord French, as Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, and Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding the London District, within which are Warley Barracks.—[Press Bureau Photograph; supplied by S. and G.]

studying the map and the manoeuvres of Verdun. The Frenchman's faith in mind does not make him fight particularly quickly; on the contrary, he fights rather slowly. It is rather the Germans who specialise in swiftness and suddenness in warfare. But, indeed, the real and significant distinction is not one of swiftness or slowness: it is a distinction of an utterly different type. The Frenchman trusts not in his wit, but in his wits—in having, as the excellent phrase goes, all his wits about him. In other words, his principle is to think all the time; never to cease thinking; never to be too hurried to think; never, above all, to think it is too late to think.

In short, the Germans believe profoundly in forethought; they think that almost anything can be done by forethought. But the French believe every bit as profoundly in after-thoughts. To use a legal term for a military matter, they always reserve their defence. The word "reserve" is, of course, the key of all their strategy. They keep a large free force behind their lines, and with this they feed the fight here, there, and everywhere, exactly according to how

the cornfield as much as in the battlefield, France believes profoundly in the strategy of a detachable reserve. She believes in leaving Frenchmen free to save France, whenever France as France shall find herself in a fix. It is even calculated beforehand, with that cynicism which is the twin of the idealism of the French, that France as France probably will find herself in a fix. This explains the French attitude to private property, which so few of our social reformers seem able to understand. I mean the desire for the utmost possible firmness in its possession, with the utmost possible equality in its distribution. France would actually protect her children against her own mistakes. The policy was triumphantly vindicated in 1870, when the bankruptcy of France was rectified by the solvency of Frenchmen. It was the free economic reserves that swung up to pay for the disaster of Metz, as much as it was the free military reserves that swung up to avert the disaster of Verdun. And the spiritual struggle between these two types of polity is the war that will begin when this war is ended.

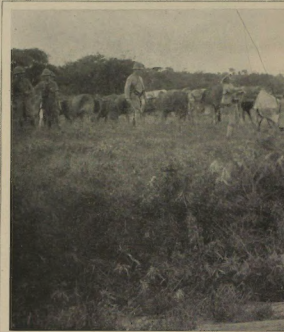
[Copyrighted in the U.S.A. by the "New York American,"]

But the difference is important in peace as well as war. It extends to the internal regulations as much as to the external relations of the different States. Germany boasts, and boasts quite justly, of the thoroughness of a certain type of sociological construction. It is something also urged and even imitated in England—something which its advocates call social reform, and which I call slavery. Its great working model is the compulsory Insurance Act, which was brought over from Prussia and erected here, piece by piece in a completed pattern, as if it had been literally an engine or a machine. But the peculiar and memorable mark of all such social construction is what we have noted in the military preparation. It is the central idea of somehow winding up a machine that shall run of itself. But in the market as much as in the camp, in the

WHERE BRITISH TROOPS ARE ATTACKING GERMANY'S LAST COLONY: FORCES UNDER GENERAL SMUTS IN EAST AFRICA.



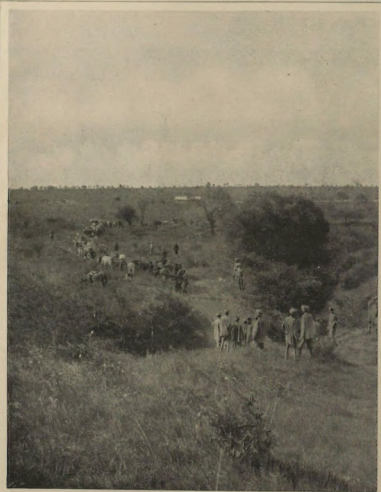
BRITISH TROOPS FIGHTING THE GERMANS IN EAST AFRICA: THE 42ND BATTALION, ROYAL FUSILIERS (BRISCOLL'S SCOUTS) LEAVING A POST.



WHERE OXEN ARE EMPLOYED FOR GUN-TEAMS IN EAST AFRICA: AN ANTI-ARTILLERY GUN CROSSING A DRIFT DURING THE ADVANCE IN EAST AFRICA.



ASUYIMANS OF A FINE FIGHTING TYPE UNDER GENERAL SMUTS' COMMAND IN EAST AFRICA: A DETACHMENT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES M.L.



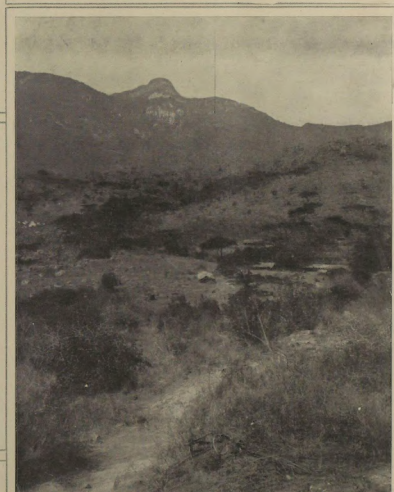
A BRITISH COLUMN ON THE MARCH IN EAST AFRICA: APPROACHING A DRIFT, WITH THE UGANDA RAILWAY IN THE BACKGROUND.



BRITISH ARTILLERY IN ACTION DURING THE CAMPAIGN IN EAST AFRICA: THE MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND.



EAST AFRICA: A FIELD-GUN PHOTOGRAPHED AT FIRING.



THE STARTING-POINT OF GENERAL STEWART'S MOUNTED COLUMN, WHICH TOOK THE ENEMY IN THE REAR AT THE BATTLE OF KITVO: A CAMP AT LONGIDO.

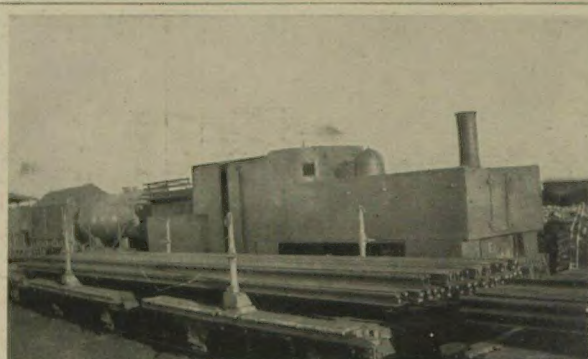
Events have been moving rapidly in East Africa since General Smuts took over the command of the British forces strengthened by Union troops. On March 11, an action was commenced against strong German positions prepared on the Kivu hills. After an obstinate struggle, "a final attack with the bayonet," says the official despatch, "was made between 9 p.m. and midnight, and two parties, one led by Lieut-Col. Fresh, of the 7th South African Infantry, and the other by Major Thompson, of the 5th South African Infantry, secured a hold which they were enabled to maintain until reinforced the following morning, when it was seen that the German native troops were streaming away towards Kahia, in a north-westerly direction." Meanwhile, a mounted brigade cleared the foothills north-west of Kilimanjaro of German forces cut off from their main body by the rapid British advance on March 8, 9 and 10. "Simultaneously with the above actions" (continues the official statement) "the strong column under Major-General J. M. Stewart, C.B., from the direction of Longido,

appeared on the Arusha-Moshi road in rear of the main German concentration. The enemy, in consequence, is retreating southwards towards the Usambara railway. The pursuit is being continued." Longido, a station on an isolated mountain of the same name some forty miles north-west of Mt. Kilimanjaro, was occupied by the British early this year. Our photograph, taken after the occupation, shows British tents on the left, and on the right some old German gran barns. A later official statement issued on the 16th said: "Our troops occupied Moshi on March 13 and were pushing on to occupy Arusha. . . . Further evidence as to the severe defeat inflicted on the enemy at Kivu is still being received. A search of the slopes of the hills, which are covered in bush, has brought to light a great number of dead, and 3 machine-guns and 1 gun, which the enemy has abandoned in his retreat, have been found." Moshi is 18 miles due west of the Kivu hills, and Arusha some 45 miles further west.

INDIA'S SPLENDID WORK FOR THE EMPIRE: EXPEDITIONARY FORCE "B."



HOW THE MULE IS EMPLOYED BY INDIAN ARTILLERY:
ANIMALS OF M.B. 28.



READY TO BE USED BY THE INDIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE "B":
AN ARMOURD TRAIN.



EMBARKING AT KARACHI: A CAMEL BEING HOISTED
ON BOARD A TRANSPORT.



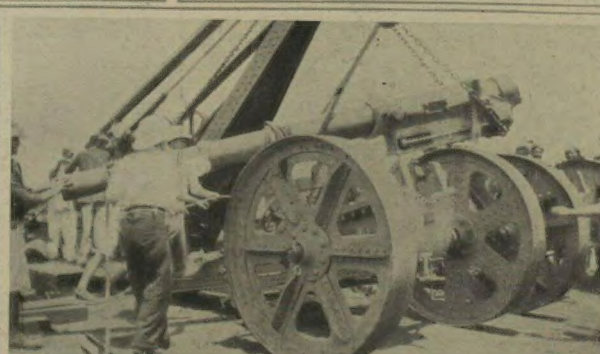
CLEARING A FLYING-GROUND BY MEANS OF
EXPLOSIVES: BLOWING UP TREE-STUMPS.



AN INCIDENT OF THE LANDING: AN ANIMAL WITH THE
INDIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE "B" HOISTED ASHORE.



A MOUNTAIN-GUN WITH THE INDIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE "B": SHOWING
"THE HUMP IN THE MIDDLE WHERE IT UNSCREWS."



PART OF THE WORK OF DISEMBARKATION LAST SEPTEMBER: UNLOADING
HEAVY GUNS OF THE INDIAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE "B."

India's magnificent contribution to the Empire's needs for the war has included, besides many princely gifts from the native rulers, the equipment and despatch of large military forces. First came the splendid contingent sent to Europe, which, as Lord Kitchener stated recently in the House of Lords, has been "withdrawn from France and Flanders for service elsewhere." Next, on the entrance of Turkey into the war, India sent out the expedition to the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia. The photographs here given illustrate interesting military activities by what is officially known as "the Indian Expeditionary

Force 'B.' Our authorised information supplied with the photographs does not mention in what part of the world this force is operating; but they go to strengthen the force of the words addressed a little while ago by the King-Emperor to Indian officers. "The loyal devotion of India," said his Majesty, "to the common heritage for which we are fighting—a devotion to which we have never looked in vain—has been consecrated afresh by the blood of India's sons." King George is as enthusiastic in his appreciation of Indian loyalty as were his two great predecessors upon the throne, and as cordial in expressing it.

THE PASSING OF "CARMEN SYLVA": THE POET-QUEEN'S FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERMAN.



1. SURMOUNTED BY HER CROWN: THE BIER CARRIED BY ROUMANIAN GENERALS.
2. THE PROCESSION AT CURTEA DE ARGESH: THE FUNERAL-CAR OF THE QUEEN-DOWAGER OF ROUMANIA ON ITS WAY TO THE MONASTERY.
3. THE LAST RESTING-PLACE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF ROUMANIA: THE MONASTERY OF CURTEA DE ARGESH.

4. SHOWING THE CASQUET CONTAINING THE ASHES OF HER ONLY CHILD, THE LATE PRINCESS MARIE, PLACED UPON IT: THE FUNERAL-CAR OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
5. FOLLOWING THE COFFIN OF THE LATE QUEEN ELIZABETH (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE NICHOLAS (3), KING FERDINAND OF ROUMANIA (1), AND THE CROWN PRINCE CAROL (2).

The funeral of the late Queen-Dowager of Roumania, Queen Elizabeth (famous under her literary pseudonym as "Carmen Sylva") took place at Bucharest, the capital. After a service in the Throne Room at the Palace, the coffin was carried out by Roumanian Generals and placed on a funeral-car drawn by six horses. At this moment a salute of 75 guns was fired, and the bells of all the churches in Roumania began to toll. The cortège then went in procession to the station, the King and his two sons—Prince Carol and Prince Nicholas—walking behind the funeral-car, and the Premier, with the Presidents of the Senate, the Chamber, and the Court of Cassation, who acted as pall-bearers,

walking beside it. The crowded streets were lined with troops. Two trains conveyed the coffin and the mourners to Curtea de Argesh, where the cortège was reformed in the same order and proceeded to the monastery. There a service was held and the coffin was lowered into the crypt of the cathedral, whereupon salutes were fired, and the bells were tolled in all the churches. At the wish of the late Queen, the remains of her only child, Princess Marie, who died at the age of three and a half, in 1875, had been exhumed and were placed in a tomb close to those of her mother and father. The casquet containing the child's ashes is seen on the funeral-car in Photograph 4.

BATTLEFIELDS OF THE LATEST DESPATCHES: SCENES OF SUCCESSES.

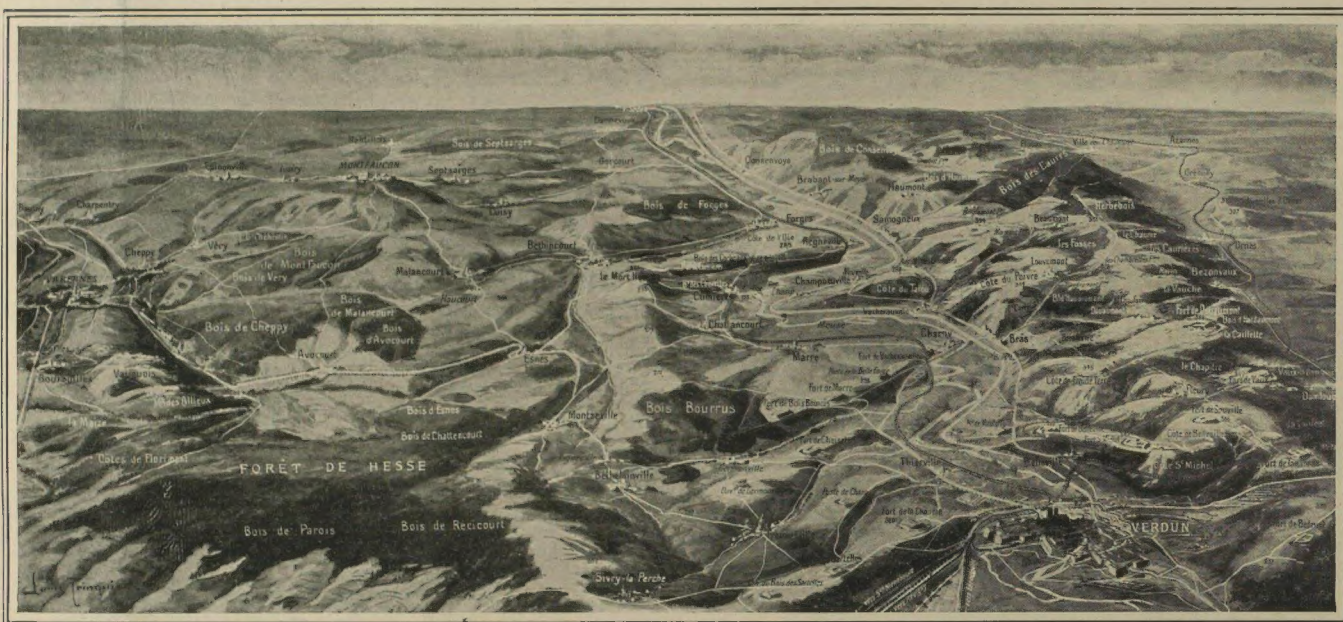
THE KILIMANJARO AND TAVETA ILLUSTRATIONS ARE REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. G. PHILIP AND SON; PHOTOGRAPHS 4 AND 5 BY WYNDHAM.



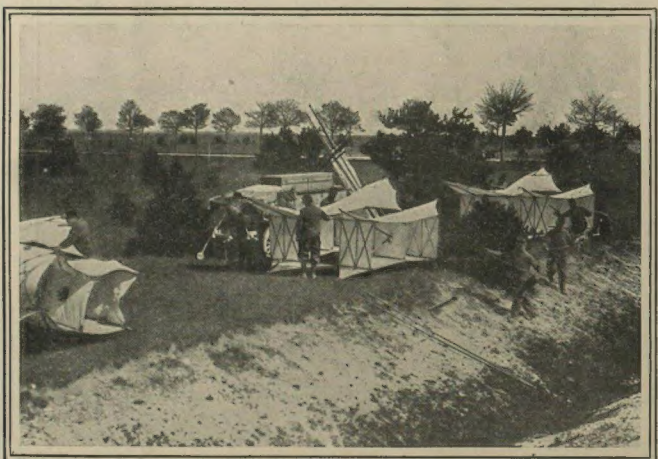
IN EAST AFRICA—WHERE GENERAL SMUTS OPENED HIS CAMPAIGN:
KILIMANJARO AND ITS FOOT-HILLS.



IN EAST AFRICA—TAVETA, OCCUPIED ON MARCH 9, AS STARTING-POINT
FOR THE VICTORY AT KITOVO: THE NATIVE MARKET-PLACE.



VERDUN, THE FORTRESS AND BATTLEFIELDS NORTH AND NORTH-WEST: A PANORAMIC MAP INCLUDING DOUAUMONT, FORT VAUX, THE CÔTE DU POIVRE, LE MORT HOMME, BOIS DES CORBEAUX, CÔTE DE L'OIE, FORGES, ETC., AND THE MEUSE VALLEY.



MAN-LIFTING KITES AS OBSERVATION—OFFICERS' LOOK-OUT POSTS IN REAR
OF THE TRENCHES: PREPARING FOR AN ASCENT.

General Smuts opened his East African campaign in the neighbourhood of Kilimanjaro, the highest mountain of Africa (19,328 feet), which lies just within the frontier of the German colony. The old slave-caravan route to the coast passes among the foothills below Kilimanjaro, and along that General Smuts struck his opening blow, the road being available for motor-car movements.—Taveta is a native township twenty miles to the south-east of Kilimanjaro, on the British side of the frontier between British and German East Africa, about one hundred miles inland from Mombasa and seventy miles west of the Uganda Railway. It was taken by the enemy in the earlier stages of the war and reoccupied by General Smuts on March 9, the Germans withdrawing after a weak outpost



ONE OF CANADA'S MANY WAYS OF HELPING THE EMPIRE: IN THE COOKS' QUARTERS
OF A CANADIAN RED CROSS STATION IN FRANCE.

defence, leaving behind a machine-gun and some prisoners. Advancing in force from Taveta on March 11 at some six miles beyond the German main positions on the Kitovo hills in front of Moshi, the principal German military station in the interior of the colony was stormed, after a fierce battle lasting several hours. The enemy were routed and driven south in confusion.—The panoramic view of the tract of country lying immediately to the north and north-west of Verdun and across the valley of the Meuse, in addition to showing the relative whereabouts of the principal scenes of fighting, gives further a realistic representation of the salient features of the main positions held by the French against which the Crown Prince's Army is, apparently, helplessly battering out its existence.

SEEN FROM THE ELEMENT IT FOUGHT IN: A DESTROYED ZEPPELIN.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION OF THE FRENCH ARMY.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A FRENCH AEROPLANE FLYING AT A HEIGHT OF 300 METRES: THE SHATTERED, BURNT-OUT WRECKAGE OF THE GERMAN DIRIGIBLE "L 77," SHOT DOWN AT RÉVIGNY.

The heap of shattered and contorted débris seen in the centre of the illustration represents all that remained next day of the Zeppelin "L 77" so skilfully hit by a French gunner at Révigny, with an anti-aircraft gun firing incendiary shells and mounted on a motor-carriage. The enemy dirigible was brought to the ground as a mass of flames. The illustration is of added interest in that it is a photograph taken from a French

aeroplane while at 300 metres, or between 900 and 1000 feet up. It shows clearly how the mass of wreckage fell all together and collapsed on the ground. Interesting later details, from a French examination of the remains of the Zeppelin, are to the effect that it was of the largest size, with a gas capacity of 33,000 cubic metres; and had five 220-h.p. motors, driving five propellers; and an armament of six machine-guns.

FIGHTING BY THE LIGHT OF STAR-SHELLS ON THE EASTERN FRONT: RUSSIANS REPELLING A GERMAN NIGHT ATTACK.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. SEPPINGS-WRIGHT, OUR ARTIST WITH THE RUSSIAN FORCES.



"WITH ONLY THE WIDTH OF THE RAILWAY BETWEEN THEM": RUSSIAN TROOPS.

In his notes on the sketch from which the above drawing has been made, Mr. Seppings-Wright says: "On a certain front, a detachment of Russians held a village. The railway (on a slight embankment) ran through. The battle was fought between the Germans and Russians with only the width of the railway between them. The village is in the hands of the Russians." With regard to the star-shells seen in the picture, he adds: "The difference between the Russian and German rocket is that one (the German) is a big flare; the Russians use the ordinary star-rocket, bursting into innumerable stars, which keep alight for about five minutes." Standing on the railway-track to the left is a carriage that has been set on fire,

HOLDING A VILLAGE, DEFENDING THE LINE AGAINST GERMANS AT SHORT RANGE.

while in the background on the right some of the houses of the village are also seen burning. In the foreground on the left are some reels of barbed wire lying on the ground among other debris. Recent Russian communiqués have reported, in addition to the successful advance beyond Erzerum in Armenia, considerable activity also on the Russian Western front. Here various villages have been the scene of fighting. For example, an official statement issued in Petrograd on March 19 said: "In the Vidza region our artillery bombarded the enemy's trenches. Near the village of Mediany the enemy was repulsed. His artillery was active in the region of Smorgon."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

DROPPING A STREAMER: A MESSAGE DESPATCHED FROM THE CLOUDS.

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.



A COMMUNICATION FROM THE SKY: A BRITISH SEAPLANE LETTING FALL A MESSAGE TO BE PICKED UP BY A PATROL-BOAT.

The regulation means adopted by British seaplanes for dropping messages to patrol-boats is as follows: The message is tied to a piece of wood, so that it will float; and a long

streamer of ribbons, or thin cloth, is attached to it. This not only calls attention to the communication; but prevents it falling with dangerous speed.

Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.

AIDING THE MINISTER OF MUNITIONS: WAR-WORK ABOARD SHIP.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER.



TURNING OUT MUNITIONS IN A DOG-WATCH: BRITISH NAVAL OFFICERS MAKING ROPE GRUMMETS, TO PROTECT THE DRIVING-BANDS OF SHELLS.

Describing the sketch from which this drawing was made, the naval officer who sent it to us wrote: "In a large number of our war-ships, the dog-watches are spent in helping to turn out munitions. In the ward-room itself, the officers are busy making rope grummets, to protect the driving-bands of shells; while in the flat outside others make slings for transporting them. Meantime, the engine-room staff are hard at work making gauges and shell-bases. Needless to say, a great deal of voluntary work is also done

by the ship's company; and lists are circulated at intervals, showing the output of the different ships. Naturally, these foster competition, and the Minister of Munitions has expressed his satisfaction more than once at the amount of work turned out." In the illustration, the Commander on the left is seen unwinding a piece of rope. The officer on the same side of the table is testing the length of a grummet on a wooden gauge. Grummets are seen on the chair.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

LEARNING HOW TO HANDLE GRENADES AND THROW THEM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

TO THE BEST ADVANTAGE: AT A SCHOOL OF BOMBING.

FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



AT A SCHOOL OF BOMBING, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: THROWING HAND-GRENADES—TWO OF THE TAILED MISSILES IN THE AIR.



AT THE MOMENT OF EXPLOSION: TAKING COVER IN THE TRENCH.



TRENCH AFTER THROWING BOMBS INTO "THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES"—THE CENTRE.



SHOWING THE BOMB IN FLIGHT: A BOMB-THROWING CATAPULT JUST RELEASED BY MEN UNDER COVER IN A TRENCH.



READY TO RUSH A TRENCH: BAYONET-MEN AND BOMB-MEN AT PRACTICE AT A SCHOOL IN ENGLAND.



A DEVICE WHICH HAS PROVED OF VERY CONSIDERABLE VALUE: BOMB-GRENADES—



DURING THE LONG-DRAWN TRENCH-FIGHTING OF THE GREAT WAR: READY TO FIGHT.



THE CATAPULT AS A WEAPON IN MODERN TRENCH-WARFARE: LIGHTING THE FUSE OF A CATAPULT'S BOMB.

The trench-fighting which has been so prominent a feature of the Great War has brought bomb-throwing to a fine art. In the early stages of the conflict, many of the bombs used were primitive affairs, jam-tins filled with explosives and lased, soda-water bottles filled with explosives, and so on. In the same way, the men were not specially trained for their new work. Affairs are now very different: the bombs are of a more scientific and steady kind, and they are thrown not only by hand, but by means of catapults and other devices closely akin to weapons of ancient times: while men are specially trained. Further, it is recognised that such use. All this, of course, is leaving out of account trench-mortars, which include those having what are generally called "air-targets," from the fact that they have fun to keep them steady while in flight. The manufacture of these is illustrated elsewhere in this

Number. An idea of the care taken by the Allies to ensure proper training may be gained by a quotation from an article published as far back as August of last year, and dated from British Headquarters. This said: "Men are constantly being trained. . . . For this purpose, grenade schools, where troops drawn from various units receive expert tuition, are now in full swing at various points in the British lines. Here the soldier is instructed in the handling of the bomb; he is shown the proper manner in which to throw it to the best advantage; . . . how it should be carried; how the most destructive effect may be obtained. . . . He listens awe, the pupil returns to his unit, and proceeds to instruct other men, who, in turn, pass on the information they have gained to their comrades."

THE RING BEHIND THE LINES: A NATIONAL SPORT AT THE FRONT.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL.



BOXING AS A RELAXATION FOR THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD: A MATCH IN A BARN WITHIN SOUND OF THE GUNS.

The sporting spirit of the British soldier is always in evidence. We have heard much of his football behind the lines, and almost as much about his boxing. Nothing pleases him better, when he is at rest after fighting with the enemy, than to make holiday, "booman fashion, by having a friendly fight with the gloves. Such bouts are not only

extremely popular, but do much to keep the men fit. Such an occasion as that illustrated suggests Emerson's lines on the English: "They neither poison, nor waylay, nor assassinate, and when they have pounded each other to a pulp they will shake hands and be friends for the remainder of their lives."—(Drawing Copyrighted to the United States and Canada.)

THE AIR-FIGHT IN PEACE: A FRIENDLY CONTEST AT AN AERODROME.

DRAWN BY JOHN DE G. BRYAN.



TRICK-FLYING BEFORE THE WAR: LOOPING-THE-LOOP BEFORE A SATURDAY AFTERNOON CROWD.

That the aeroplane would ever be put to practical purpose was little in the thoughts of the thousands of holiday folk who crowded out to Hendon and elsewhere at week-ends before the war to witness the airmen of the day go through fancy flights and air races, or to gape at trick-performances, such as looping-the-loop. The venturesome person who went up as passenger was a *rara avis*, and supplied material for newspaper para-

graphs. Yet all the time, all-unaware of it themselves, our flying men were qualifying for their work in the greater game which opened in August 1914. We can hardly realise, indeed, to what an extent the pleasure-flying of the summer afternoons before the war helped in bringing about that "ascendancy" over the enemy airmen on the Western Front which Lord French so heartily commented on in one of his earliest despatches,

(Continued opposite.)

THE AIR-FIGHT IN WAR: A DUEL OVER THE FIRING-LINE.

DRAWN BY JOHN DE G. BRYAN. PHOTOGRAPH OF FLIGHT-COMMANDER R. J. BONE BY BIRKETT.



FLYING IN DEADLY EARNEST DURING THE WAR: A BRITISH AIRMAN IN HOT PURSUIT OF AN ENEMY AEROPLANE OVER THE TRENCHES.

Continued.
and which we have never lost. Taking their cue from the successes of the air sportsmen, the Services became interested in flying, and aviation schools for war-training came into being—just in time, as it has fortunately so turned out. How our airmen are now “playing the game” we see on this page, and before spectators of another mood than those of so few years ago, some of whom are seen enthusiastically jubilant at a holiday

display in the illustration on the page opposite. Inset on this page is a portrait of Flight-Commander Reginald John Bone, R.N., who brought down one of the German raiders after a sharp fight thirty miles out at sea in the Straits of Doyer on March 19. He entered the Navy eleven years ago, and was for four years in submarine work. He took his flying certificate in 1913.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FINNED BOMB OF TRENCH-WARFARE: MAKING AIR-TORPEDOES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROYCE.



AIR-TORPEDOES IN THE MAKING: SOLDERING VARIOUS PARTS OF THE BIG BOMBS, BY MEANS OF BLOW-PIPES, IN A FRENCH ARMAMENT-FACTORY.



FITTED WITH FINS TO GUIDE THEIR FLIGHT AND BRING THEM DOWN HEAD-FIRST ON THEIR OBJECTIVE: A PILE OF FRENCH AIR-TORPEDOES BEING VERIFIED.

The air-torpedo, as mentioned under the illustration on our "Science Jottings" page, is one of the most formidable bombs used in trench-warfare. In our issue of July 31 last we gave a full-page photograph of a French one being fired, with the following note: "The trench-gun shown is a 58 mm., and throws a torpedo-shell, 'winged' so that it gyrates and thus keeps a straight course. To the body of the shell is fixed a rod which fits into the barrel of the gun. The shell explodes laterally and is calculated

to do a very great deal of damage." A description of the firing (for instructional purposes behind the lines) of a French air-torpedo has been given by the editor of the "New York World," Mr. Ralph Pulitzer. "The slender, fish-like projectile," he says, "had a percussion device in its nose which exploded it on touching the ground. This big torpedo had a reduced charge of explosive so as not to destroy too much of the field. Judging by the report, the full charge must be the grandfather of all explosives."

MAKING AIR-TORPEDOES: WORK IN A FRENCH ARMAMENT-FACTORY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOYER.



AT THE FORGE: FRENCH WORKMEN IN AN ARMAMENT-FACTORY RE-HEATING THE CAPS OF AIR-TORPEDOES FOR TRENCH-WARFARE.

When illustrating the subject of French air-torpedoes in our issue of September 4 last, we noted: "A 58-mm. trench-gun, which stands on a small platform, has mechanism which enables it to fire with great precision the winged air-torpedoes. The angle of fire can be varied between 45 and 80 degrees. The air-torpedoes weigh about 33 lb., and can be hurled a distance of about 550 yards." It should be mentioned that there are several types of air-torpedoes used for various purposes. Mr. R. P. Hearne writes in his new and interesting book, "Zeppelins and Super-Zeppelins": "Perhaps the most

terrible potentiality of the airship is with regard to the aerial torpedo, an instrument which fortunately is yet only in the theoretical stage. The term 'aerial torpedo' is now wrongly applied to projectiles shot from the trenches over a short range in land-warfare. But the instrument I refer to is more directly related to the torpedo. . . . This miniature airship, or aerial torpedo, has its engine, steering-planes, control-system, and explosive-charge. . . . Its function would be to travel, on release from the Zeppelin, under its own power and the force of gravity on a gradually inclined pathway."

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY.



A SELLER OF DRUGS FOR THE FAKE AND OF DRUGS. — AN ITINERANT ALCHEMIST OF THE 18TH CENTURY.



THE SUPERSTITION OF RUDOLF II. RULER OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE: THE EMPEROR CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (16th CENTURY).



THE FINEST TYPE OF ALCHEMIST. — THE FINEST TYPE OF ALCHEMIST. — THE FINEST TYPE OF ALCHEMIST. — THE FINEST TYPE OF ALCHEMIST.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

GUINEA-PIGS AND THE DRINK PROBLEM.

FOR some years past extensive experiments on guinea-pigs have been carried on, in the Medical School of Cornell University, to show that certain degenerate conditions of the body, deliberately induced, can be transmitted through as many as three generations, although the original stimulus may have ceased with the great-grand parents. These conditions have been established through the agency of alcohol; and thereby the advocates for the total prohibition of drink have apparently been furnished with a veritable bludgeon. The authors of these experiments, Messrs. Charles Stockard and George Papanicolaou, have shown that male guinea-pigs, whose ability to beget healthy offspring has been proved, will for ever after, if kept in a state of continuous intoxication, produce none but defective offspring, even when mated with normal healthy females. And the same is true of the reverse experiment, where the mother is the drink victim.

This is not the place for an elaborate analysis of the results of these experiments. Let it suffice to say that in the subjects thereof fertility was markedly impaired, and of the offspring produced but very few attained to adult life, and these were degenerates, giving rise, in turn, to even worse physical wrecks, since many were monophthalmic monsters or suffered from paralysis or deformed limbs; and this, too, while their parents had not been alcoholised. Gross defects of the eyes, having opaque lenses or typical cataract conditions, were common. Such alcoholised races seem to fade out in the fourth generation.

And now as to the means by which these appalling results were obtained. The authors at first endeavoured to induce their victims to drink alcohol voluntarily, and failed. When administered through a tube, or mixed with the food, digestive troubles and other disarrangements became so marked that the experiments were entirely vitiated. The "poison" then had to be introduced into the system by means of fumes. To effect this the animals were placed in copper tanks so constructed that a definite quantity of alcohol could be inhaled until intoxication took place. This was indicated by the behaviour of the

prisoners, which was very human in its manifestation—some becoming drowsy, some very quarrelsome and vicious, while others became merely elated and excited. Many of these animals were thus treated for six days per week for a period of five years; thus they were hardly sober during their whole lives.

One would have expected to find that in animals thus debauched a *post-mortem* examination would reveal serious internal disorganisation. But nothing of the kind, as a matter of fact, was ever found. On the contrary, all the organs were found to be in a perfectly healthy condition. Nor did these animals, during life, ever show any loss of appetite or other

war can be drawn from these researches at the Cornell University—at least in so far as such restrictions are supposed to affect the well-being of the offspring of intemperates. That drink is the cause of unutterable misery and suffering is beyond dispute; and in so far as this can be reduced the restriction is indeed justified. But it has yet to be proved that "drink" has any directly deleterious effect on the offspring of the drinker.

An unprejudiced survey of the evidence in regard to alcoholism shows us, in the first place, that our ancestors, though for generations "hard drinkers," were yet a virile race. Further, such a survey will

show that, where alcohol can be associated with defective offspring, it is only as an indirect agent—that is to say, such defectives may have been poisoned *in utero* or they are the offspring of a degenerate stock on the side of one or other parent, or even both. That is to say, what is inherited is not the result of alcoholism, but the disposition which led the parent to become alcoholic. It is the reproduction of such physical defectives, who should never have been parents, which gives rise, sooner or later, to the epileptics, paralytic, and insane.

The dismal statistics derived from the analysis of the records of intemperance afford no evidence whatever that the physical injuries acquired by the habitual drunkard—such, for example, as cirrhosis of the liver—are transmitted to his offspring. His children may, indeed, become drunkards; but this fact implies no more than that they have inherited the dis-

position to become alcoholic, which is expressed in a lack of will-power and control and a low mentality. Thus they are unable to raise themselves from the sordidness of their surroundings, lacking initiative; and thus it is that they fall an easy prey to temptation and example.

The guinea-pig, like the frog, may now be allotted a place among the Martyrs of Science; but that martyrdom will not affect the drink question. In short, there is no evidence whatever that the phenomena of inheritance which formed the subject of these experiments were due to the fumes of alcohol, *qua* alcohol, since the same results may well be brought about by the fumes of, say, formalin.—W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE MAKING OF FRENCH AIR-TORPEDOES: SOLDERING THE CAPS BY MEANS OF OXYGEN BLOW-PIPES.

Air-torpedoes are among the most formidable weapons used in trench-warfare. Their destructive powers have been brought to a high pitch of effectiveness, especially by the French. They are very big bombs, the main purpose of which is to do the work of a high-explosive shell of large dimensions at short range, and they are fired from a special type of trench-mortar. Air-torpedoes are so called because they are fitted with tail-fins, which give them a certain resemblance to the marine torpedo. These tail-fins tend to keep the projectile steady on its longer axis in its curved flight, and bring it head downwards upon its objective. It will be noted in the above photograph that the men working the blow-pipes are wearing goggles to protect their eyes from the intense heat generated by the gas, and the glare. Other illustrations of the subject appear elsewhere in this Number. (Photo. by Hoyer.)

ill-effects from their enforced intake of alcohol. Thus it is abundantly clear that alcohol taken up by the lungs and passed directly into the blood has no deleterious effect on the individual whatever. The reverse is notoriously the case with the "hard drinker" in the case of men. Inhaled alcohol, however—at any rate when continuously pumped, as it were, into the blood—has a very destructive effect on the germ-plasm, which has not yet been shown to be effected where alcohol is taken into the system, even in large quantities, in the form of drink.

No argument, then, in favour of the enforcement of the restrictions in the sale of intoxicants after the

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAFAYETTE, BASSANO, ELLIOTT AND FRY, ELWIN NEAME, HARNETT, VANDYK, LANGFIER, SPOT AND GENERAL, GILLMAN, WESTON, AND MAULL AND FOX.



LIEUT.-COL. REGINALD W. FOX,
Devonshire Regiment. Son of late Charles
H. Fox, and Mrs. Fox, Shute Leigh,
Wellington, Somerset.



MAJOR CARLOS B. LUMSDEN,
Highland Light Infantry. Served in South
African War; medal, five clasps. Son
of Hugh Gordon Lumsden, of Auchindoir.



MAJOR VICTOR C. M. REEVES,
Dorset Yeomanry. Son of Mrs. Reeves,
of Castle Kevin, Mallow, Co. Cork. Killed
in Egypt.



LT.-COL. F. E. LLOYD DANIELL, D.S.O.,
Seaforth Highlanders. Twice mentioned
in despatches and awarded the D.S.O.
Saw service in India and South Africa.



MAJOR DOUGLAS REYNOLDS, V.C.,
Royal Field Artillery. Won Victoria
Cross in France, and also the Legion of
Honour.



CAPTAIN E. R. L. HOLLINS,
K.O. Royal Lancaster Regiment. Son of
Councillor F. H. Hollins, M.A., of The
Grange School, Eastbourne.



CAPTAIN GORDON H. CHAPMAN,
53rd Sikhs. Son of Rev. Theodore C.
Chapman, Secretary of the Church Pastoral
Aid Society.



LIEUT.-COL. HERBERT HASTINGS
HARINGTON,
62nd Punjabis. Killed in action at the
Persian Gulf.



CAPTAIN THE HON. ROBERT A. S.
PALMER,
Hampshire Regiment. Second son of
the Earl of Selborne, K.G., P.C.



CAPTAIN H. HAMP HILL,
West Yorkshire Regiment. Received Cap-
taincy at eighteen. Son of Mr. and Mrs.
Hill, Kingston Blount, Oxon.



CAPTAIN A. E. KNIGHT MASON,
Royal Fusiliers. Son of Dr. and Mrs.
Arthur Mason, Oakwood, Walton-on-
Thames.



CAPTAIN E. G. BOWHAY,
Devonshire Regiment. Killed in Mes-
opotamia. Son of Dr. Albert Bowhay,
Gunnislake, Tavistock.



LIEUT. V. C. DODGSON,
Middlesex Regiment. Son of late Gerald C.
Dodgson, and grandson of late General
Sir David S. Dodgson, K.C.B.



LIEUT. H. J. BAILLIE,
Dorsetshire Regiment. Awarded Military
Cross. Son of Rev. W. Gordon Baillie,
Vicar of Lynton.



2ND LIEUT. CYRIL NEWCOMB,
Royal Fusiliers. Only son of Captain and
Mrs. F. Newcomb, of Shanghai, China.
Killed in action in France.



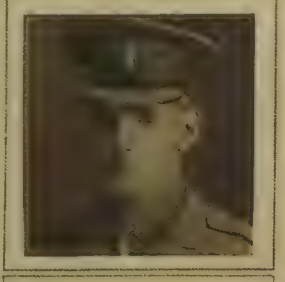
LIEUT. M. H. C. FIRMIN,
Loyal N. Lancashire Regiment. Son of
Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Penny Firmin, North-
wood, Richmond.



CAPTAIN ARTHUR F. HENTY,
Middlesex Regiment. Elder son of Mr.
and Mrs. Arthur Henty, Oaklands Park,
Chichester.



LIEUT. S. C. SWAYNE,
E. Kent Regiment. Son of Major-General
Swayne (late I.A.). Reported missing and
wounded; now presumed to have died.



LIEUT. C. T. E. CRABBE,
3rd Battalion, Grenadier Guards. Pre-
viously reported missing; now officially
reported killed.



LIEUT. L. A. HUGHMAN,
Middlesex Regiment. Was one of five
sons of Captain N. R. Hughman, all of
whom obtained commissions.

ORGANISERS OF VICTORY: A WAR COUNCIL OF THE ALLIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. D'A.



A NEW MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF WAR OF THE ALLIES, AT THE FRENCH HEADQUARTERS: LEADERS FROM GREAT BRITAIN, FRANCE, RUSSIA, ITALY, BELGIUM, AND SERBIA.



THE BRITISH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SECOND GREAT WAR CONFERENCE OF THE ALLIES.

In the front row of the upper illustration are seen those officers of high rank in the armies of the Allies who form the permanent War Council for the conduct of the operations as a whole, photographed while attending the Council meeting held on March 13 and 14 at the General Staff Headquarters of the French Army. Reading from left to right, the front row officers are: General de Castelnau, in charge of all the French armies on the Western Front; Sir Douglas Haig, the British Commander-in-Chief; General Wielemans, the Belgian Army representative; General Gilinsky, the Russian Army representative; General Joffre, the Generalissimo of all the French armies engaged in

the war; General Porro, the Italian Army representative; and Colonel Pechitch, the Serbian Army representative. The institution of a General War Council took place last year with a view to deliberating on and co-ordinating the strategical operations of the armies on all the fronts and keeping each in touch with the campaign plans of the others to ensure unity of action. The establishment of such a central body has proved of the highest value, and is likely to prove of supreme importance when the time for the decisive general move arrives. In the lower illustration, Sir Douglas Haig is seen after leaving one of the sessions of the Council.



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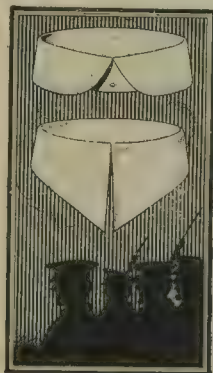
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In this peculiar race the one who is last wins. Pack your pipe with Bond of Union and time it against another man or other men smoking a different mixture. Start together, and if the pipes are fairly the same size you will find your pipe of Bond of Union lasts half as long again as the ordinary mixtures of your competitors.

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LADIES' PAGE.

WOMEN have, indeed, an opportunity now of showing what they can do, and wonderfully are they rising to the occasion. The latest new idea hails from Brighton. The life-boat, of course, lives in a house well above high-water mark, and to transport it to the edge of the waves, and launch it through the stormy breakers in case of need, is a considerable undertaking. In ordinary times, there are always a body of fishermen and shore-workers available to lend a hand in all this work. But now these stalwart fellows are no longer on the beach. Some are in the Army or the Navy; others are engaged in land employment; and though the life-boat's crew remain ready for their dangerous and sorely needed task, the launching would be a difficulty. Well, the Brighton Committee have called upon the wives, sisters and daughters of the boat's crew to come to the rescue; and the women have responded in their full strength. They are being trained in their new duties; and last week an excellent launch was made of the life-boat, almost entirely by women—mothers still in their prime and their girls in their early teens working side by side with splendid results. Not infrequently in the history of the life-boat service women have given help in emergencies in the launching; and we all remember having heard of Grace Darling, the Northumbrian maiden of one-and-twenty, who alone assisted her father, a light-house-keeper, in a wonderfully dangerous rescue from a wreck, her mother helping to launch the boat. That was a more than common exploit; but much courage and endurance will be called for from Brighton women if they have to launch the life-boat in the teeth of a gale. But they will surely do it! Brighton Gas Company is also employing women labourers; and the Liverpool dockers alone prevent women from unloading the ships.

There are so many calls on the strength and energy of women at present, it seems so fully established in the minds of men that there is an inexhaustible reserve of strength and ability enshrined in female forms, only waiting to be called upon, to do anything and everything that the men must drop to pick up their weapons of war, that there is assuredly some danger of unjust disappointment. There really is no very great margin of women young enough and strong enough for hard, physical labour, and not already employed on very necessary work. There is clearly a fixed idea that if women are only sufficiently industrious, the places of the four million men in our present estimated-for Army can be filled without the slightest difficulty. This implies the belief that before the war there was an immense number of idle women. It is in the spirit of the Census,

in which officials actually return all the wives and mothers, as well as the daughters doing the work of their fathers' houses, as "unoccupied." The absurdity of it, surely, on consideration, "leaps to the eye." The millions of housewives are doing national service (speaking of them as a class) that is indispensable. They are giving the children that constant care without which they cannot live, and buying and cooking and serving the food, and cleaning the habitations and the clothing,

already working before the war in some way for wages. This is a surprising fact, which shows that there was no large class of young, strong, healthy women living idle lives before the war and now only needing to be called for to do everything, from the hardest manual labour upwards, that men are dropping. Four hundred thousand women, we are told, are needed for agriculture alone; women, says Mr. Lloyd George, are still going into munition-factories at the rate of 15,000 per week. It is wonderful indeed! But the limit exists, and must be reached, from no "shirking" spirit amongst women. Even now they can only be found by depleting our homes, our hospitals, our schools, our infants' nurseries, of labour. The shortage of sick-nurses is already severely felt, both in private and in hospital work.



CHILDREN'S PARTY FROCKS.

The first figure wears a dancing-frock of shell-pink tulle mounted on charmeuse of the same colour, of which the tight-fitting corsage is composed. On the right is a semi-evening dress of crow-blue faille, smocked at the neck, elbows, and waist.

and tending the slighter illnesses of the community: all this home work is as important as any sort of social task can be.

Besides all those housewives, the last Census showed that no fewer than 65 per cent. of the whole number of women between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five were

Again the Government, while advertising for tenders for 20,000 knives with real ivory handles and 20,000 more with electro-plated ones, for the Navy, issues a notice to us that we must supply our families with still less meat. Vegetarians and teetotallers are having the time of their lives! They have an opportunity now of teaching the public that vegetarianism does not mean living on cabbages alone. Still, the oft-despised cabbage can be used in many good ways. *Soupe aux choux* is a stand-by of the French peasant, who knows what is good eating within his means as well as his richer compatriots. A recipe given me by a French peasant woman is very good. The cabbage is shredded fine, an onion or two are chopped, and all is fried in a good allowance of fat (bacon, for choice) for some minutes, stirring all the time; then two quarts of boiling water are poured on, and if possible a pint of milk, and two handfuls of either oatmeal or barley are stirred in, with salt and pepper to taste; it is stewed softly for about forty-five minutes, and is really quite good, eaten with bread. Braised cabbage has the outer leaves removed, and is half-boiled in water with a little carbonate of soda in it; then strained, squeezed, chopped up, and put back into a casserole, with a finely chopped onion, and a little gravy, and slowly simmered, practically steamed, till finished; it goes well as an accompaniment to a little minced meat. Country people can gather young nettle-shoots just at this time of year, and cook them like greens. If rubbed through a sieve and grated cheese added, this makes a dish by itself. All green vegetables curry very well, and if boiled soft, mashed through a sieve, or very well chopped, and re-heated with a little curry powder and milk, or gravy, and served with neat bits of toast stuck up in the green bed, quite a nice dish is prepared. But the real secret is to do as the economical French do, that is, to eat bread, using meat, dressed vegetables, even soup, only to give relish.

FILOMENA



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THE whole world is stirred with admiration by the magnificent stand made by the glorious French Army against the desperate German attacks at Verdun.

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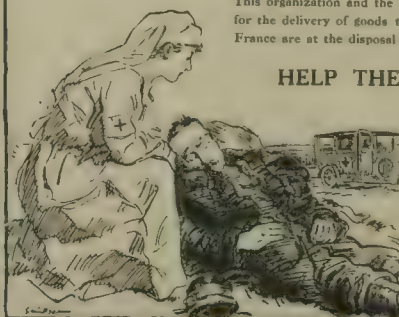
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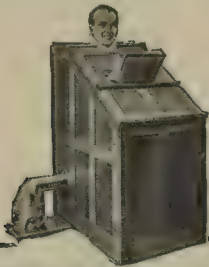
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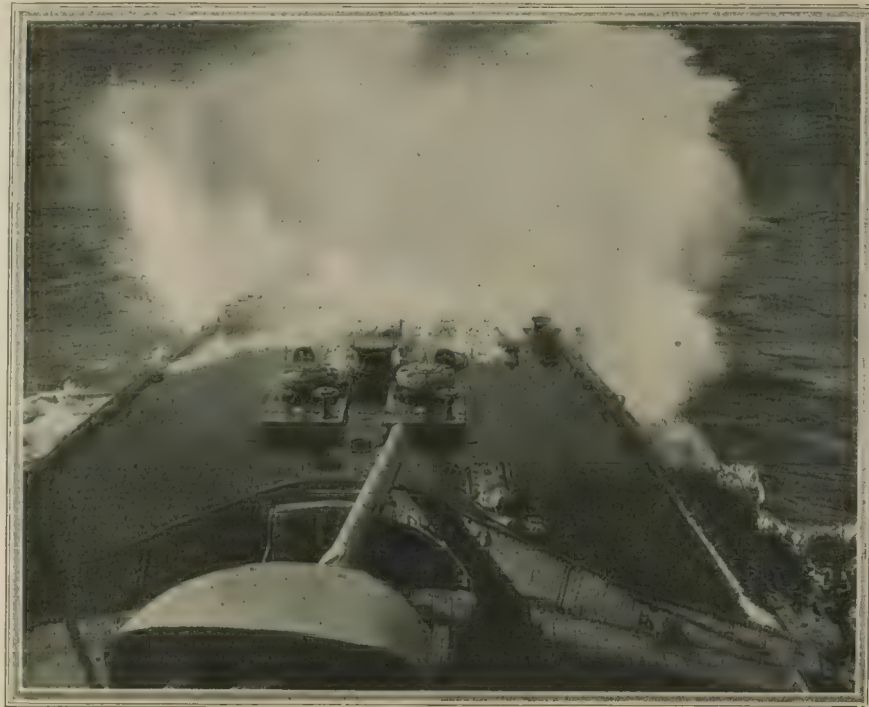
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THE TELEPHONE.

THOSE of us who sit at home and enjoy the benefits of our still crude telephone service can have little idea of the patient labour and experiment, extending over centuries, that have combined to make the telephone possible. We are so accustomed to developments in the world of science that we accept them as a part of the order of things; but there must be many who would be glad to learn how the telephone has been evolved, and about its relation to the far-away speaking-trumpets of Lesbos and Delphi with which an astute priesthood took advantage of people of simple faith. The whole story has now been set out, with an infinity of detail, by Mr. J. E. Kingsbury, whose book, "The Telephone and Telephone Exchanges" (Longmans, Green), demands more than five hundred closely written pages. Even then the author modestly disclaims the title of "history" for this labour, and suggests it should be reserved for author or authors who may produce the comprehensive treatise the subject deserves! The word "telephone," it is rather surprising to learn, has been in use since 1840. Full credit is given by Mr. Kingsbury to Professor Wheatstone, whose experiments were of such high value; to Alexander Melville Bell, and to his famous son, who, happily, is still living, and may claim to be the father of the telephone. The story of the slow evolution of the commercial instrument from the purely experimental ones of the men of science makes interesting reading. It is nearly forty years since the commercial end of the invention was first exploited; it was then announced that "the proprietors of the Telephone, the invention of Alexander Graham Bell, are prepared to furnish Telephones

for the transmission of articulate speech through instruments not more than twenty miles apart." The telephone exchange followed the telegraph exchange, and seems to have found its first patrons in America where the genius of Edison was early at work. Many countries can claim to have contributed directly or indirectly to the telephone

David Hughes, the last-named being the inventor of the microphone. The first telephone switchboard used for business purposes was erected in New Haven, Connecticut, in 1878, America being well to the fore in developing and exploiting every form of improvement in this direction. The American Bell Telephone Company was established in 1880, and much competition, together with some litigation, followed. "The Telephone Company," with Bell's patents, and the Edison Telephone Company started business in London in the autumn of 1879. Out of the antagonism of these two concerns the United Telephone Company was born within a year, and the multiple switchboard was the next important development. Mr. Kingsbury, in a very readable chapter for all who do not shrink from figures, tells how the telephone travelled across Europe, Turkey being the one country to which it was refused admittance; and in another tells how engineers lent their great aid to make existing systems more efficacious. Automatic switchboards, hardly used yet in England, have a chapter to themselves; and long-distance service is carefully considered, and illustrated by the reproduction of a drawing published in this paper in 1891. "The Telephone and Governments" provides a significant penultimate chapter; and Mr. Kingsbury then draws a remarkably well considered labour to an end with another well-earned tribute to Mr. A. G. Bell, who has made so large a section of the civilised world his debtor.



A ROUGH SEA IN THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN: A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN THE BRITISH NAVY. Our photograph is picturesque, but grim enough from the point of view of a landsman. The heavy sea breaking over the British war-ship is an everyday incident in the life of our sailors, and is accepted uncomplainingly as all in the day's work.

Official Photograph; circulated on behalf of the Press Bureau; supplied by C.N.

as we know it to-day; among the famous workers in the field Mr. Kingsbury recalls the names of Faraday, Reis (whose invention was displayed before the British Association as early as 1863), Volta, Ampère, Helmholtz, and

Highness Prince Albert of Monaco at the Opera House, Monte Carlo, has enabled his Highness to place at the disposal of the relief fund for sailors, at the "Star and Garter" Refuge, the substantial sum of ten thousand francs.

The gala operatic performance recently presided over personally by his Serene Highness Prince Albert of Monaco at the Opera House, Monte Carlo, has enabled his Highness to place at the disposal of the relief fund for sailors, at the "Star and Garter" Refuge, the substantial sum of ten thousand francs.

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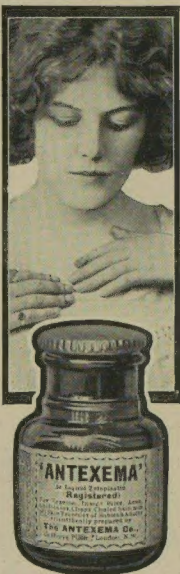
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(WITH WHICH IS AFFILIATED THE
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THE DEVASTATION OF POLAND is one of the greatest tragedies of the war. People who once were well-to-do stand in silent, anxious crowds waiting their turn while the soup kitchens pass along. Thousands are living in trucks and sleeping on the stone floors of railway stations. Women, with children in their arms, have walked hundreds of miles to escape the horrors of German invasion, and have arrived at their destination so dazed and tired that the joy of seeing a friendly face, or hearing a friendly voice, has been denied them. "It is the saddest sight I have ever seen," states a writer, in a letter from Moscow, and to all who feel compassion for the victims of the war—broken men and women, and starving children—an earnest appeal is made to send what help they can to

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Petrol-Supply. The subjoined letter from the Royal Automobile Club requires little comment, and it is given here because it is well that all motorists should learn the views of the highest motoring authority in this kingdom on the subject of petrol-supply. By the direction of the committee of the club, Mr. J. W. Orde, the secretary, states that: "The committee of the Royal Automobile Club has for some time past been carefully studying the question of the supply, distribution, and price of motor spirit. Probably no section of the community—if motor-car owners may be called a section—has done more in connection with the war. At all events, they have done their full share of the country's work since its outbreak. But now the important question—the necessity for national economy—has become acute. It is obvious that it will assist the Chancellor of the Exchequer in maintaining the rate of exchange to keep all the gold possible in the country; the public should realise the fact that, as the whole of the petrol-supply comes from abroad, it must be paid for in gold. The committee considers that the

"3. Conveyance of wounded and for taking convalescent soldiers for drives; even in the latter case economy may be effected, as long excursions are unnecessary, and by travelling at a moderate pace the requisite amount of airing can be given and any great mileage avoided.

"4. Conveyance of persons and goods to and from railway stations and marketing towns when public-service conveyances are not available, of which the following letter received recently from a member of the club is an excellent illustration—

"I live four miles from a station or nearest shops. I sent my driver to the war in August 1914. I drive and care for my own car. It never leaves my place except on an errand of necessity. There are

Use of Cars.

"But the Committee recommends that the practice should be discontinued of using private cars as a daily means of transport from the country to places of business in towns where railways or public-service vehicles are available. It is not fair to assume, as the public is inclined to do, that the majority of cars seen on the roads are being used for the purpose of



A FAVOURITE CAR IN THE EAST: A "WOLSELEY" IN UDAIPUR.

The popularity of the Wolseley cars is as universal as it is well deserved. The photograph of the 16-20-h.p. Wolseley which we gave was taken in front of a ruined "Jain" temple, at Chidori, on a tour made from Bombay to Delhi.

following are cases in which the use of private cars is justified—

"1. Conveyance of persons while actually engaged on Government work or supplies, or in connection with the industries of the country.

"2. Conveyance of professional men, such as doctors and veterinary surgeons, on their regular business.

have a standing order with a dealer for two tins (four gallons) of petrol per week, and have got along with that. Strictly speaking, according to all newspaper reports, my car would come under the head of 'pleasure vehicles,' and every time I go to the shops and bring back a load of supplies for myself or my neighbours I am 'joy-riding.' I may add also that my car is registered with the local police as available (with my services as well) for any emergency. There must be many others placed as I am."



A FINE TRIBUTE TO THE "BUICK" MOTOR-AMBULANCES: A FLEET OF FIFTY FOR THE FRONT.

The durability and efficiency of the Buick Ambulances are well known, and our photograph shows a fleet of fifty which were purchased from the funds of the British Red Cross Society for despatch to the front, where a large number are already on war service.

no horses left in this neighbourhood, and the tradesmen will not deliver goods this far. My car has been in use two years, more as a van than as a passenger vehicle, and shows the effect of such usage. I fetch and carry all goods for my place, and sometimes for my neighbours. In case of illness (there being no telephones in this neighbourhood) it is the only possible way of getting a doctor quickly. . . . I have not bought or stored any petrol, as I wished to observe the request of the authorities to return the tins. I

'joy-riding.' It is the Committee's belief that the contrary is the case. Its information is based on actual knowledge derived from numerous sources, and is amply confirmed by the fact that there is an almost complete cessation of work in the Club's own touring department. The Committee is aware that a certain number of cars are used at week-ends for going to seaside places and to golf courses; and while doubtless this is conducive to health and is recuperative to the war worker, preference should be given to those localities which may be reached by other means. In tracing out the reasons for the shortage of petrol, it was found that at the time when there was no real deficiency a large number of private owners and others have to the Committee's knowledge laid in stocks of petrol in cans far in excess of those allowed by law and of their normal requirements, and consequently a large number of cans have been taken out of circulation. This hinders distribution, as these cans cannot be replaced owing to the can-factories being used for munition purposes. This hoarding and storing of petrol is a selfish and quite unnecessary practice, and the necessary representations to the local authorities are being made to see that the by-laws are strictly adhered to, so as to compel those persons

(Continued overleaf.)

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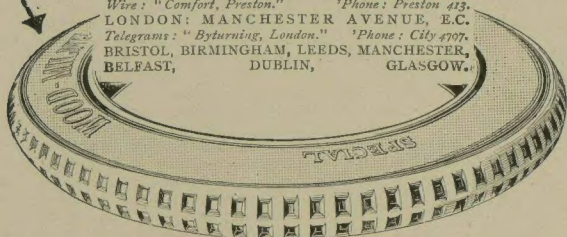
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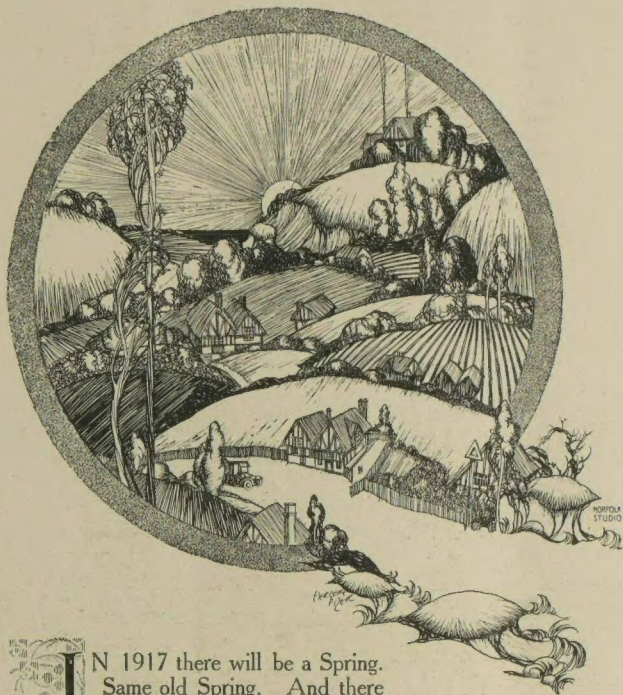
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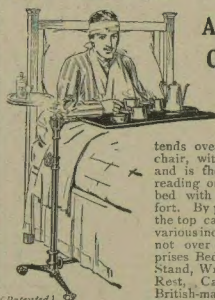
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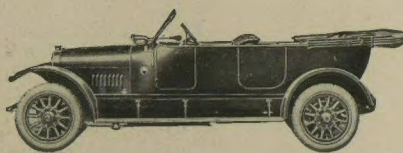
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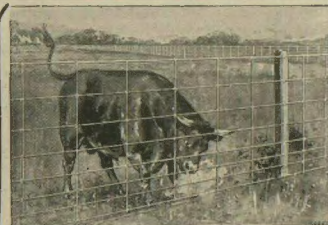
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(Continued.)

who have transgressed in this direction to disgorge their surplus stocks for the public benefit. The Committee considers that only the absolute minimum supply should be kept in hand, and that all empty tins should be returned immediately to the usual garages. In case a shortage does arise, commercial needs would have to be satisfied—after the Government had taken such quantities as were necessary for the Services—before the private owner could be supplied with whatever balance might remain available. The Committee holds the view that, in order to enforce economy, it may become imperative for the Government to impose such restrictions as shall not interfere with the legitimate use of a motor vehicle, but which will make it expensive for the owner to use it selfishly and unnecessarily. Provided that the motorist public adopt the suggestions above set out for economising petrol, the Committee is assured that the wholesale and distributing companies are confident of being able to keep up the supplies necessary for legitimate uses. The Committee of the Royal Automobile Club calls upon its members, associates, and all motorists throughout the kingdom to institute at once the most rigorous economy in the consumption of petrol."

A Grease-Gaiter. Among the recent motor patents is a weather-proof, grease-retaining gaiter for motor-car springs, which has now been placed on the market, as the Duco Spring Gaiter, by Messrs. Brown Bros., the well-known factors of motor accessories. This gaiter is a sheath or covering for the springs, protecting them from dust, mud, and water, at the same time permitting them to work in a perpetual bath of grease. The gaiter therefore is not a mere bandage, but a flexible, weather-proof cover, made of black leather and reinforced with felt inside. This efficient accessory is made to fit all types of car-springs; only the measurement need be given when ordering.

W. W.

ANNA JAMESON.

MRS. Steuart Erskine's "Anna Jameson" (Fisher Unwin) is a book of letters and friendships. Not a line in it proves that Mrs. Jameson was a critic or even a lover of pictures; very few lines in it do so much as suggest she possessed any power of authorship. Upon one Carlo Dolci she showers superlatives, but they are straight

adjoining tea-shops at the close of any private-view day. Anna in these letters is unconcerned. Her real concern is for home, for home letters; her real anxiety for her friends, and especially for Otilie von Goethe the flirt: "Forgive me, forgive me my own O, but when I read your letter, in which you begin by showing me how far you are from reason and composure, when I find not one word of any of your children and a great deal about those horrid men

who have destroyed your happiness and mine, I see there is no hope—what pain, what fear, what shame overpowers me!" Thus eagerly she writes when she is not dealing with "Legendary Art." Thus eagerly she writes about the affairs—never of horrid men—but of many of her women friends. Unhappy in her married life, her affections flourished among women—with Maria Edgeworth, Lady Byron, Harriet Martineau, Joanna Bailie, Mrs. Browning, and Harriet Grote. She moves and breathes in a world of women, though a breakfast with Samuel Rogers, a day with John Murray's family at their "commodious and comfortable villa on the Thames," a discussion with Captain Marryat—"a strange, rough fellow, but good-natured"—on the wives of the publishers, were among the innumerable distractions of the literary life. She was very much "in society"; and the rebellion that, almost unknown to herself, smouldered in her heart was slighted. It was only when she was disfigured by toothache in Paris that she left the salons to visit the Sisters of

Charity, to be immediately and immensely impressed; only by a kind of intuitive accident that she ceased "sitting on the sofa, in a very becoming state of plumpitude"—as Fanny Kemble saw her—and stumbled into the invalid presence of Harriet Martineau, to hear her rejoice that "mine eyes have seen the dawn of salvation for our sex, thank God." But it was her great character that enabled her to write out, towards the end, for her Otilie a testament such as no German has ever handed to an Englishwoman.



DRAWN BY DOGS: MACHINE-GUNS OF THE GERMAN ARMY.

Photograph by Continphot.

from the susceptible heart of a schoolgirl, and hardly establish an authentic devotion. When she visits a Continental capital she alludes to her work in the galleries, drops another and more elderly superlative, and leaves the subject. Here then is a curious revelation in negatives. A pioneer among pictures, she makes nothing of art out of working hours. How unlike Ruskin! How unlike the professional trudgers of our own Bond Street, the reverberations of whose gallery emotions you can hear in the

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